THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Rebiew of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

LORD MAYOR'S-DAY is, in the political world, pretty much what Valentine's-day is in the ornithological. No real business is done, or even talked about, on either anniversary. Ministers do not "develop" their policy—even supposing they have a policy to develop—on the ninth of November, any more than the birds begin to build their nests on the fourteenth of February. But there is, on all sides, a sort of preliminary confession that work is presently going to begin. It is like the tuning of fiddles before the overture, which precedes the play—which in its turn may prove a tragedy or a comedy—a general addlement, a fiasco, or a brilliant success. Time only can show. So on Tuesday, at the Guildhall, there was much cheering and chirrupping, ruffling of feathers and clearing of throats—all prognosticating, dimly and very far off, the season when eggs and bills will alike be undergoing the process of incubation.

But why will Mr. Gladstone persist in appearing upon his marrow bones? In his public performances, lately, the Prime Minister has really contrived to effect what Mr. Puff, in the *Critic*, lamented his inability to accomplish—make his entrance and exit "kneeling." He is always in a supplicatory and deprecatory mood. "Pray for us, good Christian friends," he keeps saying; for Her Majesty's Ministers have a task set them which far transcends their ability to perform; but they will do their best—and what better can be done, or said? Meantime, "in your orisons be all our sins remembered." It is in this spirit of self-abasement that Mr. Gladstone refers successively to the Irish land question, and the colonial question, and the education question, and, in fact, all the questions of the present and the future session.

We should have nothing but respectful sympathy to show for a Minister who humbly tried to do his duty in this prostrate state of mind, if we thought it was genuine. But we know better. Mr. Gladstone himself lets out the secret very plainly. When addressing his equals on the floor of the House, for example, he never thinks of employing this abject tone. Then he is ready to encounter any adversary or undertake any task. It is only when addressing an audience confessedly his inferiors—say an election crowd down in Cheshire, or the guest at a civic dinner—very respectable men, no doubt, and very comfortably "warm" in many cases, but of whom it is no scandal to say that they cannot be ranked very high in the intellectual scale—that he makes obeisances, or solicits forbearance, and pleads extenuating circumstances. In such company the Prime Minister for self and colleagues is always ready to confess that they are "miserable sinners." Only woe betide any one who should take him at his word!

Among the other Ministerial "utterances" on Tuesday evening, the only one challenging particular notice was that delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Whether Mr. Lowe will prove useful as a Finance Minister remains to be seen; but about his being ornamental there can be no doubt whatever. In proposing the "health of the ladies" at a city banquet, or responding for the "bridesmaids" at a wedding breakfast, the Right Hon. Member for London University is decidedly the right man in the right place. His speech was beyond compare *the* success of the whole performance.

A Cabinet Council was held yesterday week, the 5th inst., at which all the Ministers were present. At another on Wednesday last, only fourteen appeared, Mr. Chichester Fortescue having gone back to Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone has made a batch of Bishops and a batch of Baronets; and he now follows suit by making a batch of Peers. Ten names are announced of men whom the Prime Minister has thus selected for honour. Of these two are Peers already, though not Peers of Parliament. The Earl of Southesk (Carnegis) possesses a title of ancient descent in the Scottish peerage. The fifth Earl went "went out" with the rebels in '15, and the title was in consequence extinguished by attainder. Just a century and a half later, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1856, the attainder was removed, and the extant heir became consequently entitled to call himself ninth Earl of Southesk. This legislative boon, if such it could be regarded, effectually barred its recipient from political life. As a Scotch Peer the Earl of Southesk had no seat in the House of Lords; and also, as a Scotch Peer, he was ineligible for a seat in the House of Commons. He now becomes a Peer of the United Kingdom, and will have a place; and if he has anything to say, can make his voice heard among our hereditary legislators. The Earl of Listowel holds only an Irish title, whose earliest appearance dates from the Union creation of 1800. But he is rich, and well intentioned, and "one of us" in politics, and has no chance of entering Parliament as a representative Peer; so that he well deserves his seat among the hereditaries. The eight others for whom the coronets and ermine capes are now preparing include Sir John Acton, who stands almost alone in the world, as being a most sincere Roman Catholic, while ignoring and even repudiating everything that approaches Ultramontane principles; Mr. G. C. Glyn, who becomes Baron Wolverton, but very wisely does not cease to be a banker; Lord Edward Howard, Right Hon. J. Fitzpatrick, M.P., C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., Col. Greville-Nugent, M.P., T. Agar Robartes, Esq., and Edward Ellice, Esq., M.P. The result of their creation is, that the Prime Minister has repaid some services, has obliged some friends, and gained ten votes in the House of Lords when they were rather wanted. Four vacancies are left in the Commons, which, of course, there will be no difficulty in properly filling up.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Venice, Nov. 1, 1869.

I NEVER tire of this long meandering on the Grand Canal between two ranges of palaces, which the sombre stream reflects, creating, as it were, a second and submarine city, with its beauty reflected *ad infinitum*. Many a time have I halted beneath the shadow of the shapely columns of the Dario palace, and fallen in love a few paces further with the decorations of the abode of the Foscari, with the Grecian façade of the Contarini palace, the cornices and friezes encrusted with precious stones of the Calergi palace, always exclaiming, "This is the most beautiful of them all," forgetting the curious inconsistency of the details in the splendour of the *tout ensemble*. History and poetry cover your eyes with a veil which hides the ruins; and, in truth, I think the dark stone of age, the creeping moss, and clinging shells, witnesses of decay, are an additional charm. One is always expecting to meet Desdemona on her balcony, to encounter Henrico Dandolo coming out from this steel-clad door to go forth to conquer Constantinople. Your gondolier will take you to the palace of General Pesaro, whose colossal tomb, supported by a mass of negro giants, is to be seen in the church of Sainte-Marie Gloriosa, between the classic mausoleums of Titian and Canova. His palace (since called Grade-Nigo) is the least in decay of all. One can still find the last traces of the high life of the 16th century. The halls, galleries, and large *salons* are empty and uncared for; but the winter apartments are full of pictures—some worthless, some masterpieces—precious cabinets, rich tapestries, mixed up with cheap furniture and hideous modern stuffs—characteristic pall-mall of magnificence and want. After the reception and ball rooms, drawing-rooms, reading-rooms, and study, comes the Chinese room, adorned with the unrivalled art of the Flowery Land—the porcelain room, and the room of mirrors, where Murano sent his crystal flowers and his mirrors, which changed colour like the chameleon. I notice a bedroom in blue satin, with bed of gold and buhl, furniture of various kinds of blue wood, toilette table embroidered with a thousand flowers, and which only requires the presence of a beautiful woman to render it perfect. The carpet was taken from the Turks; the cabinet, in serpentine and lapis-lazuli, belonged to one of the Doges. All is in a stage far advanced towards decay; but when the carnival begins, the palaces of Venice will awake from their slumber, for their owners, too poor to inhabit them in state, and too proud to live there simply all the year round, will make a short but brilliant and splendid visit to them. By the light of lustres and wax candles the stuffs will not look faded, nor the gilding tarnished; and dominoes and velvet masks lying on the sofas will lead us to believe that the days of Paul the Veronese are returned. It is the same crowd as then which now fills the square of St. Mark. I will take a stroll amongst it, after a dinner in the open air, during which a dozen (Venetian) costermongers proved to me that I was under a great obligation to them for offering me their very diverse wares, and a score of beggars, that it was my duty to offer them of each dish before tasting it myself. As to the flower girls, they ask for nothing, but hand you a *gardenia*, or tuberose, with the grace and delicacy of a queen. Though Venice is supposed to be empty, the square is ever full. The waiters rush with ices and sorbets from table to table, where the Venetians laugh and chat, while the music plays. By-the-bye, this same music is far inferior to that which the Austrians gave us till Solferino; it is, at least, purely Italian. Just as many people the other side of the Piazetta, along the white marble terraces of the Palace Royal. The perfumes of the garden mix delicately with the soft sea breeze, and one is inclined to remain there for hours listening to the gentle dip of the oars in the still and silent water. However, one must finish one's evening somewhere, and the Fenice is not yet open for the winter. *Un ballo in Maschera* at the Malibran Theatre is an excuse for a stroll to the Rialto Bridge by narrow but picturesque streets, at each corner of which a Madonna and her little lamp finds shelter among the nestling jasmine and creepers of the balconies. The tenor is not a Mario, the Alboni of the place sings her *rôle* of sorceress with black gloves and close-fitting sleeves of black barège, doubtless that she may have only her face to wash, which is but sparingly blackened; the page (and a very comely and winsome page), with a voice as sharp as an unripe apple, has not put himself to the trouble of concealing "his" head of hair, and I really think he is right, for his magnificent tresses are his only attraction. Nobody laughs. That ridicule that spoils and destroys everything is not a characteristic of the Venetians. They only hiss the

false notes. I "assist" at one act, and that is enough; then I don't regret having come—the auditory is worth the journey. I cannot make out exactly to what world belong the women who fill the boxes, piled one on another like mouse-traps, and the openings of which are just large enough for a head and a fan; but they are all pretty original, without any artificial aid to toilette, disdaining, thank Heaven, to powder themselves before the ladies of Florence, who think that by so doing they are following the fashions of La Folle Lutèce. There is not a single face which has not a calm, almost majestic, or a naïve and childish coquetry, which prevents any unkind thought. Is Venice, down to the very roughs, an abode of virtue? Absurd idea, which thy return soon effaces! These mild, diamond-clad nights, at once radiant and melancholic, cannot but be nights either of pleasure or folly. It has been said that Love adorns the place where it is brought to inhabit; I would add, that it is forcibly called into existence by the charm of certain spots. In default of a more loving subject, one will fall in love here with a star or a figure which smiles down on you sphynx-like from the threshold of many a palace. In other parts of the globe, moonlight may plunge you in reflection as well as reverie; genius or sadness may be its offspring. In Venice it compels you to love and to be happy.

I reach the bank of the Esclavons after the inevitable halt beneath the Bridge of Sighs, where a melancholy Turk is occupied in star-gazing, simply, I fancy, because a Turk makes a good effect on the landscape at that spot and at this hour. We have passed the Custom House, and we are out of the streets, and are in a plain broken by tiny waves, which cradle us gently and softly in their mild embrace. The lighthouses are lighted up, and here and there I see dancing on the waters fires red, green, and orange, like so many will-o'-the-wisps. In front of us is another gondola, with some music on board. We increase our speed to see who it is that is being serenaded, and soon recognise the long sleeves of brocaded silk, the diadem, and scanty tresses of a compatriot (of the stereotyped sort, with the long teeth and curls which *Charivari* and the *Journal Amusant* bestow upon our travelling sisters), who the other day I saw examining one of the most amusing, if not most beautiful, of Tintoret's pictures. Tintoret amusing, you say! You have not, perhaps, seen his picture of "Christ healing the lepers," or, to speak correctly, the "lepresses"? Then I will not tell you how very grotesque leprosy may be made to appear. My fellow-countrywoman did not omit, after a long examination of the picture, to exclaim, as *de rigueur*, "Shocking"! And to think that for a moment I had mistaken her, in her theatrical get up, for Bianca Capella in person! We enjoy the serenade which she is offering to herself. She is, I do believe, capable of imagining that we are following her long sleeves, and still longer teeth. The music dies away, our pursuit ceases; as she returns at Venice, I disembark at Lido. I should have liked to have talked to you of my friends, the Armenian fathers, who on the holy days display on the minaret of their church the banner of the Sultan, whose subjects they still remain. It would be impossible to meet anywhere with more knowledge, piety, good nature, and Christian virtues, all enhanced by eyes and beards of the most orthodox Mussulman type. Thanks to them I have made the acquaintance of illuminated manuscripts, dating at least from Adam and Eve, to say nothing of Chaldæan papyri, curious autographs of Emperors, generals, and men of letters, manna from the desert, and a comb of the Sultan Mahmoud. They are a sight to see on a Sunday, through clouds of incense, arrayed in the Dalmatian styles of soft silk, embroidered for them by the Armenian ladies at Constantinople, with the Oriental tiara on their head, celebrating their very orthodox service, and in an idiom which they consider far more like the language of the Almighty than their rival Latin. My friends, under the direction of an Archbishop, educate the lads of their nation, translate for the use of their country the best ancient and modern works (they have popularised in Asia *The Life of Cæsar*, by Napoleon III.), and even publish a newspaper, which has very few subscribers. Though they wear a black gown and chaplet, they are more *savans* than monks, and they speak fluently nearly every language of the civilised world. Their convent is decidedly one of the most agreeable resources of Lido, its neighbour. But you will say, how about Newmarket? It is true that in this our paradise *that* pleasure is wanting. However, we have one horse almost as quiet, though less beautiful than those of St. Mark, having nothing in common with the one which bore Childe Harold along this shore in the parade of his youth and talent—an omnibus horse and a screw; he is but one, and the very sight of him makes my heart beat. *Tête-à-tête* on a desert island with my fellow countrywoman, to whom I alluded just now..... Am I capable of such a thing? No! the very idea of it gives me the horrors. It is the first and only nightmare I had while at Venice.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

ONLY HERSELF.*

THE *Saturday Review* recommends young authors to read *Mansfield Park* six times before attempting to write a novel. We think "Annie Thomas" has taken this advice, for there is a touch of Miss Austin's unaffected simplicity of diction, and something more than a touch of her happy simplicity of character in *Only Herself*. The people put before us are real people. They act, and think, and speak as real people act, think, and speak; and the things that happen to them are natural things. It is to be hoped, indeed, that Dora, in her cold-heartedness, in her selfish disregard for everybody's feelings except her own, is a somewhat exceptional character; but still she is not exactly unnatural. At her first entrance into an unknown world, where admiration and flattery are perfectly new to her, a young girl may easily become so dazzled as to be unable to distinguish between false and true; still, it is not every young girl who would fix upon an eligible *parti*, with all the *savoir faire* of a thorough paced matchmaker, cleverly landing the fish almost before he had fairly risen to the surface.

Dora Jocelyn, in what we might almost call her proposal to Mr. Falconer, was not instigated by love, but slightly by jealousy, and still more by a keen sense of the advisability of securing to herself, in her peculiar position, a sufficient share in the good things of this world. This object easily attained, it was quite possible that she might not be averse to procuring a second string to her bow, and still more likely that, having to do with an unprincipled adventurer, she should burn her fingers. Also, Mr. Falconer was too good for her; he was too honest, too high-minded, too delicate. The smooth-tongued, double-dealing Bertie Carlyon was in reality much more congenial to her. A man who has no particular convictions is in general more pleasing and more ready to be pleased than a man who has, and is, as a rule, much better company; withal, Dora only meant to amuse herself, as many a better and wiser woman has done before her. The great, true, and universal excuse that "love is so sweet that we find the noblest hearts will sometimes stoop to miserable representations of it," did not apply in this case. In this, as in all other things, she was utterly cold-hearted; simply it was pleasant to think that the two cleverest men of her acquaintance were at her feet, and she was too inexperienced to foresee that it is easier to enter into a tangled maze of hypocrisy and deceit than to find one's way out when the salt has lost its savour. Mr. Carlyon, the second string to Dora's bow, does not see the wit of being thrown aside as soon as the real lover reappears upon the scene, and unfortunately he is the possessor of some foolish notes and letters, which, though innocent enough in themselves, would fatally compromise the bride elect; and these he holds over her *in terrorem* as soon as he recognises the unpalatable fact that she has been making a plaything of him.

She is now made to feel the agony and terror which must always accompany wrong-doing. "It seemed to her that her future grandeur, happiness, safety, comforts, respectability, all the things a woman loves and prizes, were dancing away like pale spectres from her."

She has not the least intention of breaking her engagement, and she knows what Mr. Falconer would think if he heard the slightest whisper of this. She, therefore, condescends to implore Mr. Carlyon not to put his threat in execution, of taking all the trouble off her hands—"a trouble," which he says "that girls half delight in and half dread—the trouble of saying she had changed her mind."

The rest of the scene is worth giving in the author's own words:—

"'But you must not do it,' she cried, ashy pale now with heart-sickening fear.

"Even as she spoke, a feeling of the falseness of many things, of most things, of all things, assailed her.

"She was dismayed to find she had burnt herself so severely when she had only been playing with fire.

"'But you must not do it. You must not speak to my father, or anyone, about this folly of mine—yes, I'll say of mine, and believe it to have been all mine, if you will only be good and generous, and tell me that you don't mean it.'

"She spoke earnestly, though a trifle incoherently. He recognised all her terror and all her helplessness, and he wanted Oaklands, and he wished for her. Need it be said that Dora would find the tender mercies of Bertie Carlyon rather harder to endure than any cruelties she had ever conceived as possible from other men?

"'What do you think I don't mean, Dora?'

"'O, don't call me "Dora" any more, Mr. Carlyon,' she implored pathetically; 'there must be an end of it.'

"'You acknowledge that 'it' (by which I presume you mean our lover-like intercourse) has existed?' he said gravely.

"'No, I don't—yes, I do—I really hardly know what I mean or what I'm saying,' she said, her voice shaking with piteous fear. 'There is a cab; let me go home now, do! We have been so wrong about each other.'

"'You don't doubt my love?' he urged.

"'Yes, I do; I doubt everything—you above everything,' she said with an expression of almost loathing. 'I feel hunted and driven, and capable of killing you or myself,' she added with sudden fury. 'Love me! if you loved me you would not treat me in this way.'

"'Perhaps you think that I should rather give you up without a struggle? No, Dora, you don't know what I have staked on getting you for my wife. Why should I risk all manner of small disagreeables for you if I didn't love you? You won me lightly enough, but you shall not lose me easily.'"

Dora at last obtains a promise that he will give up her letters if she goes to his lodgings for them herself. This she does not dare to do, but she persuades her sister to go. She thinks this not too much to ask of Helen, who is so high-principled that no act of hers would be likely to be called in question; or rather, she does not much care who is sacrificed so long as she is saved. Helen, though much averse to the step, at last is brought to consent. She drives to Mr. Carlyon's address, obtains the packet, and returns, as they imagine, undetected. But such is not the case. It is not very likely that a young lady should be able to leave her father's house in her dinner dress, and return to it alone, without observation. At first, however, all seems to go well. Mr. Falconer marries Dora—loves her, believes in her—and no suspicion arises to disturb the calm of her married life, until Helen's engagement is mysteriously broken off. The best written chapters of the book are those where Mr. Falconer, extremely fond of Helen, and anxious for her happiness, endeavours to set straight what he imagines to be merely a lover's quarrel, where Helen refuses to exonerate herself, and where the selfish Dora, not daring to confess her folly, chooses to wreck her sister's happiness rather than imperil her own.

The other characters are lifelike, and contribute pleasantly to the story in its minor details.

The book is altogether one which we read with interest and close with regret.

**Only Herself.* A novel, by Annie Thomas (Mrs Pender Cudlip), author of *Denis Donne*, &c.

IN THE STREETS.

AS a spectacle, there can be no question that the visit of Her Majesty to the City was a failure. At any time, a procession of Common Councilmen in blue robes and hack flys is cal-

culated to have anything rather than an imposing effect. But there was something more than this to account for the tameness and deadness of the whole affair. We strongly suspect the Queen felt she was obliged, by the machinery of the Constitution, to take part in the celebration of an enormous job—a job unparalleled in the annals of political profligacy. We feel sure that the Queen disliked the *rôle* assigned to her at much as she despised the Minister who thrust it upon her, and whose only use of ill-gotten power is to tyrannise and to job whenever and wherever an opportunity presents itself. There were various objects in view in the manipulation of the business. The first was to reward the docility of a creature—a creature who is one of a family of creatures of which two have, by some means or other, obtained admission into the House of Commons. Hard times and hard struggles are impending in Parliament, and the votes of the twin brethren are not to be despised. The land question in Ireland is not quite so easy as that of the Church, for certain interests have to be considered; and although a man might possibly be induced to surrender an estate in Ireland, or elsewhere, in order to be Prime Minister, or otherwise to serve his ambition, the ordinary rank and file do not regard it in quite the some light. Another cause that actuated Mr. Gladstone was the wish to make a desperate bid for the favour of the City. The people's William is probably less trusted there than anywhere, and he is obliged at least once in every year to make an appeal, accompanied by an outward profession of goodwill. The City is not likely to listen to advice, but we give them this warning gratuitously: do not go out to Mr. Gladstone with ropes round your necks, trusting to his clemency, for he will assuredly strangle you if he has the chance. The people, too, seemed to us of opinion that there was something not over canny about the whole affair. There was no enthusiasm; the only individual evincing any symptoms of hilarity was Mr. Alderman Lawrence. The Queen had been compelled to go for the purpose of enabling Mr. Gladstone to put a decoration round the neck of one of his tame domestic cats—not to show herself to the nation: and the nation would rather have welcomed her under other circumstances. However, he wanted to make another Baronet, and he has done it. Why Aldermen should be made Baronets at all, or under any circumstances passes our comprehension. It hardly seems to be in the eternal fitness of things that an Alderman to whose lot it has by chance fallen to order a dinner for some Royal personage should receive the same honour as the man who has perhaps saved an empire. A new Order, to be called "The Order of the Turtle, or the Dripping-Pan," would seem to be more in keeping. The great difficulty has, we understand, been felt as to the distribution of the honours of the day. All the Aldermen are to be made Knights who are not Knights or Baronets already, as also the policeman who for so long has superintended the traffic on Blackfriars Bridge; while the *femme de chambre* who made the Lord Mayor's bed in the morning is to be made a peeress in her own right, and the man who brought up his hot water a K.C.B. All the persons who passed over either the Bridge or the Viaduct during the first week are to be promoted to the honour of C.B.; and, lastly, all those who have not so passed. We cannot help feeling some sort of admiration for a man like Mr. Gladstone, who certainly does not allow services of the meanest kind to go unrewarded. It would puzzle a man much to discover any single appointment in Church or State—from bishops down to Aldermen-Baronets—which is not due to political influence and consideration alone. In the case of Dr. Temple—who, by the way, is imitating the Premier's insolence—there can be no question at all that his appointment is principally due to his canvass on behalf of Mr. Gladstone, although, probably, some of the ecclesiastical nominations are also partly owing to the belief that Mr. Gladstone entertains, whether rightly or wrongly, that the Reformation was altogether a mistake. Upon no other grounds could he justify not only the outrages of which he has been guilty to the Church, but also the manner of doing them. It is, at any rate, a pleasing thought for Mr. Alderman Lawrence, especially after a very emphatic refusal to re-elect him even as Lord Mayor, that there are about four or five millions of adult males in the United Kingdom, all of whom had as much to do with the Bridge and the Viaduct as he, and who had quite as much claim to any honorary distinction as he had; yet all these men were left, and an Alderman made a Baronet. There is just one other reason, and by no means the least important, why the Queen was dragged up to town from Scotland upon a November day, in order to make it possible for Mr. Gladstone to make a Baronet of an Alderman who, if things had only been allowed to take their course, would have passed out of office long before the time for opening the structures in question. It has been rumoured to us that an alliance is in contemplation between the new Baronet and one of the Premier's family. If this be so, we need go no further to discover sufficient cause for the strange events of the past few days. The manner of his announcement to his successor and to his brother Aldermen of the honour conferred upon him was almost amusing; there was in it a touch of satire not often found in a congregation of Common Councilmen. In his elevation to other and higher spheres—so he told them, he would not forget those whom he should have to leave down below. Mr. Alderman Lawrence, in common with other Aldermen and Common Councilmen, must be reminded, that although the Queen can create Baronets, she is powerless to make gentlemen.

We had almost thought that two civic ceremonials, so close together, would have been too much even for the civic mind; but the public were certainly quite as demonstrative and enthusiastic on the ninth as they had been on the sixth. There is no doubt that it is the duty of every parent to take his children, at least once, to witness this ceremonial, in order that they may take warning therefrom of the state to which they might some day be reduced. Darwin himself would have his development theories shaken could he but view the rapidly possible degradation of the human species, as exhibited in the procession of "three-times-of-turtle-soup-absorbing animals" that takes place on that day. We were, unfortunately, caught, and compelled, in consequence of the crowd, to see the "Show." The ex-Lord Mayor also, on this occasion, appeared to us about the only person who derived much gratification from the affair. There was in his Aldermanic countenance, we thought, a certain look between a smile and a grin, directed towards his successor in office, that seemed to say, "You are just a day too late, and I can afford to pity you." And there was the State Carriage, whose occupants have never been properly described, neither their functions explained; their position is like that of children with the measles, directed to flatten their noses against the window of a railway carriage to keep out intruding passengers. But we should hardly have thought the precaution necessary. We would offer the Corporation the following gratuitous suggestion for next year's Show:—Let the state coach, with the new Lord Mayor, be followed by a hearse, containing the corpse of the civically-defunct Chief Magistrate, with such Aldermen as have not passed the Chair disposed on the top, every man on his spike, and bearing funeral plumes. The new Sheriffs might drive; and as Mr. Dresser Rogers does not like obstructions, he might march in front, with brass-headed wand, to clear the way. The dinner, or rather the speeches, were a melancholy failure. Mr. Gladstone was lachrymose in the extreme, because, forsooth, he cannot get all other persons to stop exactly at the point beyond which his own personal political exigencies do not for the moment compel him to go. The Lord Chancellor was heavy and virtuous. Brilliancy and virtue are not found, we fear, oftener combined in the case of gentlemen than of ladies. He has answered his purpose. He was appointed as a sort of decoy duck, to help pass the Irish Church Bill, and his political occupation is gone. The only thing otherwise to mention is the extreme gratification and surprise that Mr. Alderman Lawrence experienced on receiving a letter, written in Queen's English. Such an article having been heard or seen only at very long intervals at the Mansion House during the last year, was no doubt an object of extreme curiosity.

Dr. Temple has been elected, though not unanimously. The qualification for a Bishop seems to be that he should *not* have been convicted of sheep stealing.

"THE GLORIOUS NINTH."

CLASH together pots and pans,
Tin kettles, too, let all resound,
To solemnise the Civic banns,
The Mayor's procession's coming round.

See, see, what myriads crowd the streets,
And hear to heaven what shouts they render;
And oh! what a sight the eye now meets,
One blaze of rich and dazzling splendour.

First and foremost of the band
A single horseman rides alone,
With scarlet coat and gold so grand,
And long tin trumpet in his hand,
Guard of the Brighton coach make known;
And through the streets while onward going,
He ever and anon keeps blowing,
Knowing but one tune, which of course is
The one he plays on changing horses.

First following him, of sable hue,
Come makers of the boot and shoe,
Who give to flutter in the blast
Their ensign of the painted *Last*.

Button makers ninety-nine,
The air resounding with their clanks,
Argent and *or*, their banners shine
In dexter chief three crooked shanks.

A sable host then forward rush,
From fire and smoke who never wince;
They're chimney sweepers by their brush—
Their leader, Edward the Black Prince.

A massive phalanx next appear:
Forward they push, all glee and shout—
The burly brewers of thick beer,
Their crest a bung—their motto "Stout."

With golden balls upon a lance
Our "Uncles" now in line advance.
A ticket with indented edge,
Their banner; and their emblem, "Pledge."

From Smithfield and from all about,
From Aldgate and from nigh its pump,
A greasy host with steels and shout
Display a steak cut from the rump.

Come bakers now, a crusty lot,
Who've an appropriate ensign got—
For each one carries on a pole,
A smoking-hot, baked penny-roll.
As on they go, in subdued tones,
Murmur their war-cry—"*Alum—bones!*"

See! who are those who come so gay,
The very heroes of the day?
Gaily they give to flaunt the breeze
Their emblem of a new Dutch cheese.
But why appear in such a flutter,
These dealers in the cheapest butter?
No longer shall their deeds lie fallow,
Cheer 'em with "Silicated tallow."

Ten old clerks in two and two's—
These are weird and ancient men—
Pace along with measured tread;
Each behind his ear a pen,
'Neath each arm book bound in red—
Who, by their careworn, sombre looks,
And eyes cast down upon their shoes,
Tell of deep lore in ledger books.

But see! the Lord Mayor doth approach—
Not as mayors used to in a coach;
But proudly his dray-horse he bestrides
(For nowadays we know who rides
And where to—give but the horse).
So the Lord Mayor rides of course.
His mace hangs at his saddle bow;
Well by his visage may ye know
He hath an appetite right keen—
At many a civic dinner been—
Turtle and venison, too, hath seen,
With calipash and calipee,
And fat so green—but not as he.
Oh! who on earth would Lord Mayor be?

Fat Aldermen who form his staff
On circus horses joke and chaff,
And onward ride with glee.
Last come the mob who form the crowd,
Who scream, and yell, and shout aloud
At all this mummery—

Then why is not all this put down?
I ask my friend, the Man on Town—
Who says—"Oh let it pass,
If horses could, like Baalam's Ass,
But speak to *mayors*, they'd say not yet,
For follies such as these you'll get
By Gladstone e'en made Baronet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PILGRIM.—Very good. We regret it arrived too late for insertion. Thanks for your good opinion.

C. C.—Arrived too late for insertion. We fear we cannot comply with your request.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

CONSIDERING that the place was the City, the time November, and that the chief actress must have been terribly out of practice, the ceremonial of this day week must be held to have gone off extremely well. The weather was regal, and so (almost) were the Civic functionaries. Nothing fell down, or gave way—much; no one was crushed to death in the crowd, and even the restless truncheon of the intelligent officer seems —except at Fetter-lane—to have ceased from troubling. Best of all, no addresses were permitted to be read, the daring feats of City eloquence, including some new H tricks, being adjourned *sine die*. The arrangements were simple and effective; and beyond one ridiculous rush of the citizens to their ships, there was nothing in the pageant — strange to say — worthy either of laughter or of tears. Poor Mr. Heywood in Court dress, whom his colleagues left *planté là* when the aforesaid rush took place, was a spectacle to men and gods; but it is not every one who knows what to do with his legs and a sword on a November morning, with Royalty looking on. On the whole, I kiss the large feet of the gentlemen east of Temple Bar, and congratulate them, from the Common Crier—"who laughs with none and weeps with all"—upwards.

Though it may be no good looking back, as we are continually reminded, it is, nevertheless, occasionally expedient to cast a "longing and lingering one" at last week. By the cold logic of the *Calendar* I have no business with the commemoration of the plot to blow up the Parliament House, nor with any report of the meeting (Mr. G. Fawkes in the chair) annually held to celebrate that memorable event. But I should ill discharge my duty as a Protestant and a taxpayer (to no great extent) if I permitted the arbitrary arrangements of the almanack to come between me and the discharge of my conscience. Protestantism (of the Miggs stamp) is growing so lukewarm, that the pious and loyal displays of the Fifth will, unless kept prominently before the public, soon cease to have any religious significance at all. The day might even be permitted to pass without our Roman Catholic neighbours being properly insulted and annoyed. That this state of things—not to be endured by Christians—may not prematurely come to pass, I desire to record that I devoted some time to a consideration of the leading guys in the metropolis, and that I was shocked to see but one Pope—he had a weak back, and was borne aloft on a truck—among the objects held up for our abhorrence. Dr. Cumming should look to this. I have no wish to intrude suggestions, but a version by the learned Doctor of "Please to Remember" in Greek, which Mr. Whalley might sing, would, I take it, furnish an appropriate stimulus to the weaker brethren. (I should be much pleased to hear from either.)

Even setting aside this lamentable deficiency in the works of Protestant art, the general display was poor. There was no one of sufficient weight to fill a truck properly. Two deplorable objects on bicycles were the only hits at the follies or fashions of the times which I could make out, and *they* were careering through the lowest neighbourhoods without a cheer. Even Doctors Temple and Pusey were missing. Vocalist of the British Parliament, *what does it mean?*

The muggy, miserable weather which clung, drippingly, to the Lord Mayor was as great a contrast to that of the preceding Saturday as the cumbersome, obsolete procession it washed was to the light, business-like proceedings at Blackfriars. The Man in Brass, and Men in Metal generally, were conspicuous by their absence, but in every other respect the pageant was as long, as unmeaning, and as obstructive as ever; the very gingerbread coach, constructed early in the last century, being exhumed to grace the occasion. The same absurd compliments were paid to Municipal Government by the Common Serjeant; the same oaths were vented by baffled Hansom drivers and riders; the same greasy citizens threw up their caps with their left hands, while trying casual pockets with their right. At the gorging which crowned the day, the proceedings diverged slightly from the beaten track by the poverty of the Lord Mayor's eloquence, and the generally sterile nature of the oratory of Her Majesty's Ministers. The First Lord was as gloomy and tearful as a damp umbrella; and even the comic man of the *troupe*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, failed, though he sate hard for it, to hatch a single joke of any promise. But I hear that Mr. B——t proved a perfect warrior at the soup and punch, and am credibly informed that Mr. C—d—ll (who always brings a quart of something labelled toast-and-water with him) proposed, at desert, to "finish up" with the Argyll. Another Minister, whose name I suppress, had to be hustled into a cab early in the evening, and scandalised the neighbourhood somewhat by directing the driver in a loud, though not very articulate voice, to drive to "Winchstrstrtpmleo." Well, well, flesh is weak, and our Ministers are as other men, always excepting the First Commissioner of the Board of Works. Heaven forbid that there should be two Ayrtons!

Miss Burdett Coutts, whose humanity is nothing if not practical, has made a move on behalf of travelling cattle which will, I think, ultimately win their cause. Into a specially constructed van which provides for the comfort and well-being of the four-footed passenger in the matter of food, drink, and lodgment, she caused last week six beasts to be placed; and sent them "right away" from Edinburgh to Islington. They started on Saturday afternoon, and arrived safe and literally "sound" on Monday morning. After four hours' rest, they were marched to the market, where their appearance excited universal admiration, and their condition ensured their sale at high prices. The animals, which it was stoutly prophesied would not eat or drink *en route*, had consumed by the way 61 gallons of water, nearly ten stones of hay, and three stones of oatmeal. But as the outlay was more than covered by the higher price they realised, the drovers, who can put two and two together, will be certain to follow suit. Humanity has but to be shown to pay to become popular. If the indulgence of that luxury should be found to entail the loss of a halfpenny per beast, Miss Burdett Coutts might cry on the housetops, and never arouse anything but the sparrows. The pleading of "poor, poor dumb mouths" is nought against the voice of the omnipotent shilling. The deterioration of the meat, which is prodigious, is somewhat; but the certainty of pecuniary loss will carry the day. Miss Coutts is concerned that Professor Simonds failed to examine the beasts at the end of their journey, but there is little cause for regret. The vast advantage of her mode of conveyance was conclusively proved by the £ *s. d.* test, more efficacious than any known to veterinary science.

The "copious miliary eruption," which has, I trust, saved the life of the King of Italy (who has now something in common with his own Vesuvius), has puzzled the inexperts not a little. It signifies nothing more, of course, than an eruption resembling millet seed, but to many people it conveyed something far different to this agricultural idea. I myself had the extreme pleasure of being informed that Victor Emanuel was affected with a strong *military* eruption, an announcement which seemed to deliver him over to scarlet fever. Well, His Majesty would not be the first potentate, the fever in whose blood was allayed by a "copious military eruption." H.I.M. of France has had a touch of the same complaint; and Frederick William too. The treatment being seldom complete without bloodletting, and the patient being generally left in a very exhausted state, it is a matter for congratulation that King Victor's affection lacked the "t."

London Lyrics.

No. VIII.

THE SWELLS.

AFTER EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HEAR the small talk of the swells,
Smoking-room swells,
What a world of heavy fun their little chaff foretells!
How they giggle, giggle, giggle
In the music halls at night!
In a shadow dance they wriggle,
Or with Hansom cabbies higgle
With an infantine delight,
Keeping up a babble, babble,
Carried on in slangy gabble;
Such the sort of conversation that unmusically wells
From the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Dressy, snobby, flashy swells,
From the chaffing and the laughing of these swells!

Hear the marriageable swells,
Golden swells!
What a world of happiness their banking book foretells!
In Belgravia's balls at night
Are they not mamma's delight,
As she thinks of bank-notes crisp and white,
With high station all in tune?
To the silly things he says
Prudent misses listen while they gaze
On the moon!
As from out his heart's small cells
Such a gush of sentiment voluminously wells
How it tells
Fading belles
Of a future that dispels
Fears of spinsters, and impels
Sudden snatching, speedy catching
Of the swells, swells, swells,
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Of the portions and the fortunes of the swells!

Hear the loud and boastful swells,
Brazen swells!
What a tale of buncombe now their oath-crammed language tells
In the startled ear of youth,
Which mistakes their lies for truth!
And too much amazed to speak
It must sit and listen meek
To the tune
Of the clamorous self-laudation, to the never-ceasing *I*,
Which on mad, bombastic wings further ever seems to fly,
Soaring higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
To make its hearers swallow stories
Of steeplechases, *battû* glories,
About as true as the man in the moon.
Oh these swells, swells, swells,
What a tale their music tells
Of conceit!
O their toothpicks, slang, and damns,
Anecdotes, that boys call crams,
Which they force upon the man they hope to cheat!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the swagger,
'Tis a bragger
Speaks, and all his meanness shows.
For the ear distinctly tells,
'Mid the jawing
And haw-hawing,
How the side is put on by these swells.
Proverbial asses in lion skins are these swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
Clapper-tongued and clamorous these swells.

Hear the groaning of the swells,
Ancient swells!
What a world of sad reflection their aspect compels!
Little children up at night
Are known to shriek out with afright
At the well-rouged, false-haired, padded skeleton;
For every word that floats
From their pinched and wrinkled throats
Is a cracked groan;
And each one of the young ladies
Of their compliments afraid is
When alone;—
Words with snuffle, snuffle, snuffle,
In a whining monotone,
Palsied hands and feet that shuffle
Like a pantaloon;
Not quite man, yet more than woman,
More than monkeys, less than human—
They are fools!
And King Death beside them grins
As he counts the drivelling sins,
Sins of worn-out, *roué* swells;
And his mocking laughter tells
That he loves these ancient swells;
And he dances and he yells
At the idiot gabble, gabble,
At the babble, babble, babble
Of the lean and dotard rabble
Of old, smirking swells,
Ancient swells!

Hark! the gibber, gibber, gibber
Of each old red-nosed wine-bibber—
See the tottering swells!
Mark the would-be youthful gait,
Mark the endeavour to stand straight
Of the pottering swells!
Death is keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
With his cold, remorseless chime,
"You are mine, my swells!"
Still they linger,
Then a finger
Touches them with icy pain,
Gripes the ancient swells,
God-forsaken, dissolute, and heartless swells!
Now in vain
All your groaning and your moaning—time's up, swells!

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

WHEN we alluded, only a few weeks since, to the persistent ill fortune of the Lyceum, and hinted at the probability of its coming to grief in one way or another with all convenient speed, we scarcely expected that our ill-omened words would receive such instant confirmation. Mr. Allerton is a quiet, respectable actor, and his decent, colourless representations of Hamlet and Romeo might have proceeded without any sensational accompaniment until the brief season which he had been chivalrous enough to inaugurate, had expired decorously, from inanition. But our prediction was, we are sorry to say, fated to have early and remarkable fulfilment. Some demon prompting, Mr. Allerton chose to forsake the safe and pleasant paths of the Elizabethan drama and burst into the tangled depths of the Théâtre Français. The result has been a failure beyond the ordinary nature of failures allotted even to managers of the Lyceum.

Had Mr. Allerton been required, under a heavy penalty, to select one play more unsuited than another to an English stage, he would, by his choice of *Paul Forestier*, have nobly vindicated his judgment and discrimination. It fulfils almost every condition requisite and necessary to excite both the indignation and weariness of a home-bred audience. It is immoral (you are quite right, madam, *that* is not fatal); but it is also dull. It is written in verse. It requires the most careful and finished acting. It is French, *jusqu'au bout des ongles*. And it is Emile Augier to the backbone. Mr. Abbotts, the adapter, whose task was, humanly speaking, impossible, has endeavoured to eliminate the immorality. He has not altogether succeeded, but in the attempt he has grafted on the original dullness of *Paul Forestier* a dullness which might be cut with a knife. He has turned M. Emile Augier's sonorous and musical verse into the baldest prose. He has exaggerated his author's passion, and interpolated "fun" of his own. He has presented a piece with which no actors could have dealt satisfactorily; and they have seconded his efforts by playing as if they had all taken 1,000 to 15 that *Forbidden Fruit* would not keep the stage a week.

The plot of *Paul Forestier* is singularly disagreeable to insular ideas. The infatuation of a weak young man for a mistress, the weak young man possessing a virtuous wife, is as dark and dangerous a theme as can well be submitted to English pit and gallery. All the charm of poetry, all the tact of the most skilful "playcraft" are needed to gild such a pill, which with no conceivable gilding would be swallowed in England. Mr. Abbotts, aware of this fact, has followed the course usually pursued by the adapter. He has boldly altered the disreputable mistress into a reputable widow, and, also as usual, has sacrificed his author on the shrine of respectability. He may take comfort in the reflection that had he left M. Augier's original idea intact, he would have received the quicker condemnation. Winning, in either case, was impossible.

No more need be said of this unhappy piece than that it is announced for repetition in the newspapers as "this highly successful drama." We should be glad to know Mr. Allerton's definition of a highly *un*-successful drama. Short of stoning the *dramatis personæ* then and there, the audience last Saturday did all that men could to express indignation, derision, and contempt. But perhaps it was only their fun.

Covent Garden commenced its autumn season on Monday last, an announcement I must qualify by adding—with the flowers and fruits of song. The opera was *Lucia*, supported by Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, and "assistants." Signor Mongini was announced for the part of Edgardo, but, in consequence of unexpected illness (which we consider an ingenious improvement on "sudden indisposition"), his place was filled by a *débûtant*, Signor Della Rocca, of whom repute spoke, without adequate reason, in favourable terms. The band and chorus were thoroughly efficient, presenting, indeed, pretty nearly as bold a front as they did during the orthodox period. Signor Arditi conducted.

Mazeppa duly appeared, leaping his own precipices and fighting his own combats on Monday. Mdlle. Lillian in no way disappointed the expectations formed of her. In personal appearance Mdlle. Lillian greatly resembles her eccentric predecessor, Miss Menken, nor does she fall short of the "Beautiful," in grace, daring, or agility. It would be a terrible thing to meet such young ladies in real life; but on the stage it cannot be denied that they are agreeable objects. Their clothing may be scanty, as Mrs. Micawber would say, but their bearing is elegant.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

No. III.—Natal.

PRONOUNCED THE WINNER—

You will not find in all your prattle
The word which fitly rhymes with Nătăl,
And would commit an error fatal
If *thus* you tried to rhyme with Nătăl;
But if lean Prince would grow to Fat Hal
He'd in neat couplet run with Nătăl.

Walkerius.

Second, though all abroad—

They're cleared away, even to the tabby cat, all
Gone in a lump, and on their way to Natal.

Sloped.

Third—

When is the next mail due from Natal?
I'm very anxious about that, Hal.

Telegraph.

There is a good kernel in this, but it wants pair of stout nutcrackers to get it out—

To the colony in Natal
Our Government sent a battal-
Ion of solders brave,
But by an awful fatal-
Ity they lost all their vital-
Ity beneath the wave.

Lugoncyminster.

Gladstone at the Treasury,
Colenso at Natal,
Temple in H. Phillpotts' see,
What a strange Cabal!

Puzzled.

Has "Puzzled" *conveyed* an old French epigram, written during the dotage of Louis Quatorze?—

Le Grand Père est un fanfaron,
Le Fils un imbecile,
Le Grand Fils est un grand poltron,
O! la belle famille!

More power to your elbow, Pat, me boy!—

Sure the Divil's own commotion
The Zulu kaffirs making are,
And all the constituted laws
Defoiantly they breaking are;
The very cintre of the row
Sure here in Natal it is.
Bundle your wives and childhren off,
And send your personalities
By wagons up counthry—faith,
A horrible cabal it is;
Its grand to read about in books,
But when one has realities
To deal with, sure an Irishman's
Eloquence, in Natal it is.

A Son of the Imerald Isle.

Is it a swim you want? Mind what you're at; Alligators swarm in all the streams of Natal.

Crocodile.

Ought to be "goosed"—

I went with a pal,
Named Hal,
To Nătăl—
Or do you call
The place Nătăl?—
I suppose it would be fatal
To even hint at Nătăl?

Quak-Quak.

Arithmetic! By boys he's hated,
(The Bishop of Natal it is.)
Sound logic? Scarcely. *Do'us latet*,
We know, in generalities.
Theology? I would not state it
Among his specialities.
Orthodoxy? *Mentem quatet*,
Even the thought to call it his.
Bishopric? This must be rated
Among the temporalities.

Caffrarie.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The winner of Prize I. must have patience. The fault is entirely the jeweller's—or, rather (so *he* says), his foreman's. The work was clumsily done, and the brilliants have had to be re-set. At last we get his faithful promise that the article shall be punctually sent home by the middle of next week.

"Pan" turns out well. Let him try another toss, and he may turn out a pancake.

Competitive papers have also been received from Dunce, Uncle Dros, Xmas, Half Better than Whole [we give it in English, as the Printer charges extra for Greek type], Urbanus, G. W. R., W. L. S., Niger, Siderolite, Crab, S. P. Q. R., Nigger, S. O. X., V. A. N., Marlingspikes, Cipher, Polycarp, Cock-a-doodle-doo, Maked and Milked, Dingypore, Sarah Anne, Tartan, Cigarette, An Ill-used Lover, Viator, Ancient Mariner, Impromptu, C., K., T., Cliffordiensis, Pony, Historian, Rosella, Barnard F., Rara Avis, Cogs, Dopsor, Tuum, Basil, Sabel.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph

which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

PRIZE WORD NO. IV.—SILVER.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY has "crowned the edifice" that industrious *nobleman* and *gentleman* have been raising during the year by the ungentlemanly, mean, and despicable act of scratching Siderolite for the Liverpool Cup mid-day on Monday last. The "edifice" had its foundation laid by Sir Joseph (the "popular baronet," as his toadies and lickspittles call him) when, after getting all he could out of Blue Gown for the Chester Cup, he put his pen through his name. He then put in a huge stone in the shape of another "scratch" for the City and Suburban, when Vagabond, after seeing 5 to 2, was not allowed to start.

Other hands have during the season helped on the building by welching, besting, roping, robbing, schising, milking, swindling, &c., &c., &c., and now Sir Joseph has topped or crowned it with the scratching of Siderolite.

The Turf season of 1869 will certainly stand out boldly as one unequalled for its swindles and robberies. Roping is openly indulged in on the Heath, and lame uns started at headquarters in order to make a race for the odds that had been betted on *one* that could *walk*—scratchings by the dozen at the eleventh hour—objections of the most unheard of descriptions—honour, justice, and fair dealing, have all been strangers to the Turf this year, and the sooner the racing season of 1869 is forgotten, the better for the supporters of the Turf.

The scratching of Siderolite became only a sin when it was so long deferred. The horse was beaten in his trial, but I conclude, as all the prophets went for him and thrust him down the throats of a too gullible public, Sir Joseph thought he might as well take the public money as the commission agents. I firmly believe Siderolite could not have won with a stone less on his back. His public performances, two victories over that beast Midsummer, who being a favourite each time was, of course, a "cock," were the only grounds for the capital letters of nearly all the sporting writers. Sir Joseph must have rubbed his hands when his weekly papers came to hand last Saturday, and "Siderolite" stared him in the face in all quarters. The horse should have been scratched after losing his trial the early part of last week, and it was low and ungentlemanly in the extreme on the part of Sir Joseph to milk his horse in so open a manner. I said last week plainly enough that "if Sir Joseph wins the Cup it will be with Lictor," and I left Siderolite and Blue Gown out of the half dozen I considered in the race, so my readers cannot blame me if they burnt their fingers. I see one writer, after informing his readers that "Lictor would not start, but if he did it would be to make running for Siderolite, and that he had no chance of winning," at last went for him in capitals! It would have served Sir Joseph Hawley right if a severe frost had put a stop to the racing this week, and the meeting been postponed, and so all bets declared void. The goodly quantity of milk then that will flow into his pail next Monday would have been spilt and the biter—bit! It is a great satisfaction to see a "nailer" sold. I will mention a case in point:—Two years since, at a meeting held not a hundred miles from Brighton, an *upright* and *conscientious* owner of horses had a mare entered for a certain race. Before the racing began he had seen his jockey, and informed him, in plain, unmistakeable terms, that the "mare would not spin to-day." When the numbers went up, the mare, instead of being a favourite, as had been expected, was at any price, so the upright and conscientious owner resolved to back instead of to lay. He put on about £350, and his commissioner, a noble baronet, coming up to him and ascertaining the mare was to spin, also put on £200, and they were on at a nice price. Meanwhile, the mare had done her preliminary canter, and her owner went up to the jockey, and in a loud voice, before the crowd, informed him "he was to come away with the mare, and win as far as he could"—instructions the jockey publicly professed he would follow.

The race was run, and a hundred yards from home it was a 100 to 1 on the mare, but the jockey *apparently* lost his head, and she came in third! On returning to scale, he met her owner, and triumphantly exclaimed, "Did not I do it well, Sir? but I had to do all I knew to prevent her winning!"—"Confound you, Sir! what do you mean by it? You have lost me more than £3,000. Didn't I tell you to come away and win as far you could?"—"Yes, Sir, I know you did, *in public*, but in the morning you told me, *privately*, the mare was not to spin, and this was just what my former master used to do when I was to do a rope. He would tell me, *privately*, to put the strings on, and when he got out into the open, and just before the start, he always roared out to me that I was 'to win as far as I could,' but he never meant it!" The biter was bit.

The meeting this week at Liverpool has indeed been a caution. Intense cold, wretched fields, poor sport, little betting, and endless milking, and you have the Liverpool Autumn Meeting fully described. It must have been an awful failure even for the lessee, unless he "stood in" with the living and the dead, and then, of course, he did well. There was no race worth mentioning except the Cup, and the doings on that were so disgraceful that its very name stank in everyone's nostrils. An acceptance of only 30 it may be called out of 100 is very poor form for a handicapper; but for all that, the supposed flaw in the handicap, John Davis, was no flaw at all, for everyone knew he was amiss. Van Amburgh had no right to have more than the weight allotted to him, certainly not on public form, and Mr. Topham was not to be expected to take notice of pirvate trials. The flaw in the handicap consisted in the fact, that so many were shut out—notably, all the top weights, except Blue Gown.

Respecting the result of the race, I am, of course, very sorry that Sir Joseph should have won it, although, with one exception, the only *sporting writer who went for Lictor as the best of the Kingsclere lot*, I gave Argyle the preference over him; and the fact that the Middleham horse saw less than half the price he was at the time I went for him does not recompense me for his bad running. How many were alive at the finish it is difficult to say, but that more than half that ran were dead, is a fact beyond dispute. Sir Joseph, of course, won a great stake, but not enough, the Gods be praised! by a long way to make up the £25,000 he was up to this week out of pocket this year. Cocoanut stayed the distance far better than could have been expected, and proved what a "hen" she was for the Cambridgeshire. Lopez got a place, the most I expected him to do last week, but far more than I anticipated after his win on Thursday.

Mr. Merry won this Cup three years in succession, and it seems now as if the "cherry and black" was to follow suit. How the multitude of sporting writers who crabbed Lictor will get over that little difficulty the papers to-day will show. I have no doubt we shall be told "it only showed what a great certainty Siderolite would have been had he started;" but I can assure my readers that statement, if made, is all gammon, as the young one could not have won had he had 7lbs. less on his back—that is to say, according to the trial they had. Provider, Cecil, Formosa, Van Amburgh, and several other pots, were nowhere, but it is not certain that more than one of them tried, and a "moral" that two of them did not. I shall not venture an opinion on the Shrewsbury meeting to be held next week. Mr. Topham is a very *clever* man, but Mr. Frail could give him a stone and beat him, so it is impossible to deal with his handiwork until the numbers go up. Meddle with his handicaps till then, and it is a certainty you will make a muddle of it.

FOXHOUNDS.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IT seems to be the curse of England at the present time that those objects of love and worship on which her devotions are most fixed should suffer from periodical attacks of deterioration. It is not long since fierce war was waged in the journals—not only those devoted to sport, but their daily contemporaries as well—anent the falling off in goodness, stamina, and power of our thorough-bred horses. Scarcely has the leaf begun to drop, and the horn sounded in the woodlands, ere foxhounds find themselves in the same plight, and more than one writer has aired his pen with advice to masters in their future breeding operations. The old type of hound is said to be lost; modern hounds are more like greyhounds than the real thing. They have no nose, and, on a cold scent, are useless! Well, perhaps they may be, but before we take the advice of those who would go to the bloodhound, the Welsh harrier, and other sources to repair the loss, let us be certain that we have sustained it. Is it all change of outward form that makes our present race of hounds less trustworthy on a cold scent than their ancestors? For that many of them are so I am perfectly willing to admit. Or is it the result of education? Have we not drifted into a new system, and propounded new theories as regards the chase? And instead of the hounds being considered the principals in bringing a fox to hand, are they not now compelled to act a secondary and subordinate part? While the *artiste*—I believe that is the word—with his horn in his mouth, and his spurs in a thoroughbred horse, gallops from point to point, and holloa to holloa, as his own sage judgment shall direct, without once giving them the chance to put down their noses and hunt, verily I fear it is too true, and it is well to remember that the foxhound is by no means a fool, and wonderfully quick to profit by what he is taught. No doubt running a high scent is a great pleasure to him, and when the scent is high he will run it, in spite of interference; but picking out a cold one is quite a different affair, and if he has been taught to expect the death of his fox without taking that trouble, he will not do it.

Where the modern foxhound has the chance given him, he can still hunt, and hunt as low a scent as any of his much vaunted ancestors. This may be seen with packs so treated during any day of the season. But your modern huntsman does not want this; great in his own resources, he can hunt and kill his fox, or thinks he can, which is all the same thing. So he breeds for appearance instead of nose, and teaches the pack to follow him, instead of the fox. I maintain that it is possible to have quite as good-looking hounds as the most stylish pack of the present day can turn out, and still retain the great essential—nose. An idea seems prevalent that threatiness, or, in kennel parlance, neckcloth and nose indispensably go together. This, doubtless, arises from the fact of more hounds having this defect (for defect it certainly is) formerly

than in the present day. For my own part, I don't for a moment imagine that it exercises the slightest influence either one way or the other on a hound's nose, and we may, with as much reason, say that a hound would hunt a cold scent because he had a curly tail or the reverse. Anyone who visits Brocklesby can, in Nimrod Long's parlour see a portrait of the celebrated Ringwood (taken by Stubbs) who, in a great measure, helped to lay the foundation of both the Brocklesby and Belvoir kennel celebrity. No cleaner hound could be seen in the present day, and he carries as nearly as possible the characteristics of our best hounds now. In fact, he would be very bad to beat in a show yard. It is some few years ago that portrait was taken, and yet we are told, forsooth, that the old type of hound is lost.

Another instance. Not many weeks ago I was chatting with a huntsman surrounded by his favourites, when I pointed out a dog hound peculiar for the elegance of his head, neck, and shoulders. "Yes, he's a good one," said the huntsman.—"Very fast, is he not?" inquired I. —"Yes, and better than that, he can set them right when others cannot touch it. We have no such hound for carrying down a road as he is." There were many in the pack far more inclined to neckcloth though. The extra difficulties modern hounds have to encounter from sheep and cattle stains, as well as the deterioration of scent from draining, is not enough taken into account when judging their powers, and comparing them with their forefathers.

A notable instance of what may be done to secure goodness and good looks is to be seen in the York and Ainsty. I have been told that they were a very common lot, when the late Sir Charles Slingsby took to them; yet in a few years he got quite into the front rank as a prize winner, and the sport he showed in the field is on record. "Any hounds will hunt on a good scenting day," said he to a friend; "but as those are few and far between we must have hounds that will hunt a cold scent." And he bred them accordingly. He was very great with them in the field, and let them do their own work as much as possible. But such men as he are rare.

Another gentleman I could name, who, hunting his own hounds, leaves them as much as possible to themselves over a cold and difficult country, and the sport he has shown is unprecedented. No man knows better when and where to lift them, but you never see him hunting; or attempting to hunt, the fox himself. He, again, is one who breeds for nose, but at the same time I very much doubt if a threaty hound could be found in his kennel. There is a disposition—and a strong one, I admit—in the present day to breed weeds, and in the cry that has been raised for small hounds, because they are cheaper to keep, and will do more work, the maxim that you must have power has been, in a measure, lost sight of. Some packs have very few bitches of the stamp fit to rear future generations. They are as neat as possible pictures in their way, but not brood bitches.

There is a remedy for this as well as the want of nose, if those who keep hounds will only go to the right strains. We have got the Berkeley and Badminton strains to furnish us with live hunting, and those who try the kennels of Lords Portsmouth and Poltimore will, I fancy, have little cause to regret it when the young ones come on for entry if they select their bitches with any degree of judgment. Let those who want close hunters try these kennels before adopting the bloodhound cross, and they will come much nearer the mark. By the latter they will gain nothing except slack workers, and a lot of young hounds, at once soft, sulky, and delicate. I have given a slight sketch of the huntsmen of the past school; let me now wind up with an anecdote of his opposite.

He was out in early cub-hunting, and had not been seen or heard by anyone for a long time, when one of the hunt, rather an excitable man, found him sitting quietly on his horse as though he had nothing to do with the business in hand. He rode up, and exclaimed, "Well, Billymare, taking things easy this morning?" The other looked round, but the only answer he made was, "That gentleman's a tiring hisself nicely, ain't he?" pointing to a cub that crossed the riding at the moment. Rather cool, was it not?

THE DEATH OF THE FALCON.

A Weft.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

(Continued from our last number.)

"The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing;
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray."

LOADING with judgment—*i.e.*, so that the amount of powder should be suitable to the chamber, and every grain consumed before the "lift" commences, and the weight of shot in proportion to the propelling power and the bore—is an indispensable element in shooting with success; and as in my last I touched upon loading, I may as well state here that in my own experience I have met with many eccentricities in feeding guns. I myself, when a boy, was part owner of an old musket, which we christened "Kill-deer," and when loaded for flight-shooting, we never considered that *she* had a "belly-full" unless the ramrod guaged two hands and a finger. Dick, as senior partner, always had the first shot, and it was my duty to pick him up when he fell from the recoil, and to see if there were any dangerous dilapidations in the joint property. I remember once creeping on the sea wall for a shot at a mixed lot of wild fowl, and was getting well into range when all at once I was startled by an explosion (about 80 yds. distant) which would have done honour to Hounslow, Dartmouth, or Erith, and would have served as a morning or evening gun to the Aldershot Camp. It proceeded from a 6 feet Spanish piece belonging to an old fisherman, who by making a wretched calculation as to distance, had spoilt my sport and his own. My fingers itched to draw a bead on him, and warm him as he rolled (from the recoil) into the ditch at the foot of the slope. When I arrived at the scene of action I found the stock splintered; but in answer to my inquiries as to the charge used, all I could get was "it was a *surprising* generous dose, and as I pulled the trigger, I said to myself, says I, sure*ly* they'll never carry *that* away." But there are numerous instances on record of random, if not suicidal, loading.

In the Fens a gunner once called out to a brother fowler, "Jem, I've lost half my barrel, and, d—— her, I only put in *four pipes of each*." His companion blew off his *look*, of which he could never discover the least trace, and it fortunately left him uninjured, yet he grumbled for an hour after at its quitting the *stock* upon the explosion of so slight a charge, declaring, "as he had a soul to be saved, he had only put into the barrel what measured *three hands and a half, including wadding*." At the foot of an advertisement for pigeon shooting at Billingbear Warrenhouse was—"N.B. No person allowed to load with more than 4 ozs. of shot." A gamekeeper, who smiled, and thought it a *fair allowance*, upon being interrogated, said that he divided *one pound into five charges!*

"But to our tale."

The reply which I made to Master Cloddipole's remark was, inquisitively put, "You see yon soaring bird that hovers o'er the Bury-coombe, now takes a swoop past Houghton's rugged chalk-pits, sails across the Arun, sweeps over the marshes green, and now again lifts himself to scour the hill on whose summit now we stand? Before "old Sol" shall stretch across the meads his lengthened shade, or drive adown the western road, the "Vixen" with "the tow'ring hawk may hold some talk." The "Oaf" spoke not, but grinn'd a ghastly smile!

Readers of this little journal, you have, perhaps, never enjoyed a day's ground-game-shooting on the Downs, which, though to a certain extent barren of sylvan beauty, afford a velvet green verdure, rounded summits, hollow coombes, and graceful undulations. You perhaps foster a morbid taste for a *battue?* God help you, for no *real* sportsman will! A *battue* compared with a day when a brace of well-bred pointers pit instinct against instinct, or when beagles rattle the "fur" through the fern, is like "rabbitting" with a dead ferret." I have seen a thousand head of game at the corner of a coppice "waiting for the wagon;" and I thought, at the time, that such wholesale slaughter was simply murder, in an old-fashioned sportsman's view—and a cold-blooded, wilful waste of the bounteous gifts of Providence! I will not weary you with hackneyed details of our sport. I give a succinct account when I state that the silvery note of the "Vixen" was often heard to some effect, and that when 30 couples of rabbits had been counted as slain, I left the "goodly companie," and stole away in search of "the tow'ring hawk," which in the morning had awakened curiosity, and throughout the day had aroused a kind of ambition. I caught sight of the game-bird as he was beating, with the precision, regularity, and instinct of the pointer, 16 acres of tankard turnips, which belonged to Farmer Knowall; but I held my peace lest Master Cloddipole should follow me with his *piece*.

I took up my position in a clump of blackthorns which sheltered a rabbit's burrow at the verge of a coombe, thinking he might sail in this direction for a quarry; but when I found he was bent upon striking one of a covey which might rise from the tankards, I rushed (as Norval says) "like a torrent down upon the vale," and took my stand under a hedge in his precise circle. He (or she) came round, and although I was as still as death, he "twigged" me, and began to lift himself preparatory to a swoop from danger. My heart "beat high with fond hope's expectation," and my finger trembled as I pulled the left trigger—for I always shoot the left-hand barrel first, because of the advantage of leverage in a quick shot, with an eye to the double. He wavered for a few seconds, and I was on the point of treating him to a second dose of No. 8 (for I had not ceased to cover him) when he dropped, with closed wings, gracefully, into the very midst of the tankards. It is difficult to judge distance in mid-air, but I fancied it would rank with what are termed "long shots."

He could not rise, and he scorned to run. His defence would have done credit to Jem Mace, whilst his "grappling irons" were a "caution" —at least to me. I saw at a glance that it was a rare example of the hawk tribe, and its capture, without injury to the feathers, was my sole aim. I walked round him, as the "Old Bushman" would have said, like Sambo Sutton round Bungaree, or a cooper round a cask, tapping his "nut," with my barrels until the "claret" was just slightly perceptible on the sides of the upper mandible of the beak. In the language of "Fistiana," "he came up game as a pebble," and hissed defiance o'er his blood-streaked tongue. I paused at the promptings of compassion, and it repented me of the evil that I had ever conceived the selfish desire to deprive so noble a bird at once of his liberty and his life; for I had no ornithological proclivities to defend cold-blooded destruction, under the plea of enriching a museum or a private collection of British-killed birds. I cannot chronicle the number of "rounds," but though the battle was sharp and decisive it could not be termed short, for it lasted twenty minutes. The arena (not roped) was 5½ yds. square, or exactly one pole, rod, or perch of land, and every turnip within that area was scribed by my hobnails. *He* had not lost a feather in the struggle, whilst *I* could show a fierce rent in my thick tweed jacket, which would have sufficed for a hare pocket. Trusting to an appearance of *Coma vigil*, I approached to capture him, but he struck me with a Tom Sayers velocity. At length I carried him, in *Coma Somnolentum*, to my companions. Tom placed the butt of his gun on the throat, and stood on the breast of the expiring "Hector," who, in his last spasm, ripped his buskins like brown paper. It turned out to be the rough-legged Falcon, a native of Greenland. It was a magnificent example, in fine plumage; two feet long, with wings which, from tip to tip, measured 4 ft. 8 in. I refused £5 for his skin, but I had the specimen set up, at a cost of £2; and when leaving Sussex I gave it to an old friend, who afterwards, with my consent, presented it to W. A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.S., author of a charming little work, entitled, *Game Birds and Wild Fowl, their Friends and their Foes*, published with a care that ever distinguishes J. Van Voorst, of Paternoster-row, and having a most spirited frontispiece by J. Wolf, "The Death of the Mallard," struck whilst high in the air by the Peregrine. He was also the author of *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*.

[*The sequel in our next.*]

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IN THE

FIRE BRANCH,

That the Premiums for 1868, after deduction for re-insurances, amounted to £122,129, being an increase of £18,141 on the net income of 1867.

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The Fire Reserve Fund was increased to £80,000 by the addition of £4,571.

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